BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON, - . MISSOURI

HOW WE TRIED TO LICK THE TEACHER. TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS RESTING.

I wuz a boy o' seventeen, ungainly, dull an' Ez green ex cay gozin' but I the't I knew it I went to school at Plano. Lehopped up wood

One day Philetus Phinucy another boy in About ez rough an fax ez Il-about ez big a Jist hinted in a private way, awould be a right smartfeatur.

An give is lots of flore, if we'd up an lick He wouldn't ask no better fun than just to make him olimb. We'd have a long vacation an a whopper o' a The teacher he wuz sickly he wuz not ez big I knew that we could bound him if we didn't Fur eny one on lookin' at him would a said on Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an inot a speck His hands they wasn't accustomed much to To hoin' corn, to oradlin' wheat, or milkin' the floor, An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd

We told the boys at recess of the plot that we hed planned:
They said 't we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin' hand.

But big Philetus Phinney, he wuz tickled ez could be
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We heard the school-bell ringin', we scrambled in pell-mell; I run agin' the water-pall, on puppus, an' I I struck upon a sticke wood, I badly raked The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to

That serawny little teacher, why! he bounded He took me by the trowse's and he held me Then round an' round an' round he whiried me like a top.

An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop; He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die. He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry.
While his Philetus Phinacy he wuz just too scar'd to laugh.
He let the teacher thrash we till I bellere! like a calf, An' all the other fightin' boys, with white an' Sot shakin' in the'r very boots an' ras'lin with

the'r books: An'O, how hard they studied—not a feller They didn't dar to whisper or to say a single

Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me sich a He still is peaked lookin'-he's settin over An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yit, I-'I'd hate to hev him get those hands o'his'n on me one great lesson by that floggin

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Far up in the northern part of the State of Michigan, a peninsula called Keweenaw Point, extends for fifty miles shore runs the main road, from which branch many others, leading to the numerous copper mines situated in this region-among which the Calumet and underbrush, and intersected here and there by short, swift streams.

During the week, the men of this peninsula are almost all at work under the earth, and the country seems deserted, though many little wooden houses live? What had they to eat?" and log huts with shingle roofs dot the region near the mines. But on Sundays men litterally spring up out of the ground, and groups of miners appear everywhere, enjoying the only day they have to see the sanshine, the lake, the trees and the flowers.

Amid the dense forests to the south and east grow quantities of berries and of Eriday, July 21, 1882, a merry party of four children started into the wools, blue-berries before many nours. The ly frightened. "Cheer up, Sis," he own pocket, "as Mother would ne children were Mary Palson, a girl of said: it'll be just like campin' out- them when she mended the dress." thirteen; her younger sister, Margaret | that's all," and he took out his pocket-Palson; Theodore Lorre, a boy of nine: knife and proceeded to cut some bushes and his sister, Arminda Lorre, who for a bed. was but seven years old. They proceeded on their journey in gay spirits and came ere long to the mouth of one of the mines, called "The Wolverine," where the father of the Lorres was employed. Alas, for their day's sport! The father happened to see his children, and, fearful of their getting lost in the dense woods, he bade them go back to had come, until they finally discovered that, instead of bringing them nearer home, it was really leading them farther and farther into the forest.

After plodding patiently on for an hour, the boy asked the three girls to sit down and wait while he searched for that a few days before had filled him the storm. The stillness of the forest the right road. But his little sister with delight. It was not quite so pleasclung to his hand, preferring to go ant now to think of the great brown rustling of leaves, and then by long along with him; and so the children bear that, according to the story, had sighs of the wind, that deepened into a separated in pairs. The Palson sisters chose a path leading to the north, and followed it all day and until they came was driving over to the Wolverine among the shadows of the great trees last to the bank of a river, where they were found on the evening of the next day, and returned in safety to

their home. But the Lorres? They had not returned when their late companions were dore had gathered, and he told his sis- this as the best place he could find in with their success, -for few had hoped brought in, nor had any news been heard of them. Mary and Margaret stars and the moon, -the same moon lee side of the fallen trunk he had made and sister alive-lifted them on their the plowings. I have seen a large field could only indicate vaguely the locality of the spot in the woods where they had yard at home-and wished that it could brush that he had gathered, weaving last seen the brother and sister, as they bade them good-by; but several parties immediately started out in search. The father and older brother of the children, in the wood, wearied with the day's this time the wind was tearing madly in company with friends, had been seek- travel, were fast asleep. ing the missing ones during Saturday. and on Sunday night a party discovered the children's tracks in the soft ground awoke. near a river. But they were soon lost in the mud, and the most thorough in confusion at the strange surroundsearch in the neighboring woods proved | ings.

fruitless, while loud and repeated ballos brought no response.

dren had not been found. But now, we've runned away!" she exclaimed. he made his bed upon a stone just out- suaded by his entreaties, and aware of large parties of men, sympathizing with "That's what the folks 'll say, I side. Down came the rain, while the their own ignorance of the locality, woodcraft, and knowing little of the upper world, and so they discovered no sign of the children, and many even lost their own way, and found the path home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by was at hand. "And they if say we ought to be whipped, too, I guess. But the lightning darting and dancing over the lightning darting and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by teiling home, if I only could get there. And lost their own way, and found the path home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by "So am I," said Arminda.

"And they if say we through the dark trees the children saw a course which to their great denght, brought them ere long to a region the lightning darting and dancing over they recognized several land-but Theodore comforted her by teiling home, if I only could get there. And home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by "So am I," said Arminda.

"And they if say we the lightning dark trees the children saw a course which to their great denght, brought the lightning darking and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by teiling home, if I only could get there. On the was at hand. "And they if say we the lightning darking and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by teiling home, if I only could get there. On the was a course which the lightning darking and dancing over the lightning darking and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by teiling home, if I only could get there. On the was at hand. "And they if say we have the lightning darking and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by teiling home, if I only could get there. On the was at hand. "And they if say we have the lightning darking and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by a generous action of the proprietors, all and large numbers from the Calumet and Red Jacket joined them.

in the surrounding country was filled lawful quantity. with exclamations of pity for the lost "I guess they'll make us sick, such a vain search, without having found even ries, then they'll like it better." a trace of the lost children.

tidings of their absent ones. But on ceeded to fill the pails. Friday morning, as-a final endeavor, all Philetus said he it use him fur a mon tomop from the Allouez, Centennial and Wol- of their sharp stings. "Well, we must day nearly thirteen hundred men mother'll cure 'em." plunged into the forest in search of the lost boy and girl.

timid birds and animals with their loud streams which they chanced upon at the streams which their loud intervals. This day, too, were slowly were in a sorry plight. Their hands and the streams which they chanced upon at the streams which they chanced upon at the streams which they chanced upon at the streams which the streams which they chanced upon at the streams which the stream which the stream which the stream w He'd flop him in the water, and he'd mop it forest, a brave nine-year-old boy away, and once more they made a rude trudged wearily through the under-brush, carrying his sister upon his back. Both their faces were pale and Sunday came and passed. The little strongs the tangle of the under-bles through the under-bles through the under-bles through the tangle of the under-his back. He had shown through all white with exhaustion, and the little ones, walking hand-in-hand through brush; and though they managed to that had happened a courage and engirl's bore the mark of tears. But Theothe dense underbrush, could find keep their pails filled with perries, they durance that any man might envy, and can form as strong and gloomy a prison, sink her voice to a low whisper. if you do not know some way out from iron bars.

As he toiled painfully along on that tance. afternoon, with vision strained to catch by, that the plan was working well. In other words, he had resolved the day before to follow steadily the course of a swered their cry, and then the great small stream which they had chanced woods seemed more silent than ever. upon, as he knew that it must flow into The next day, while they were walka larger stream, and that in turn into a ling along, Theodore thought he heard That a bringgart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a So much his wise head had taught him; and see if I can get a sight of 'em." He and the reason of his joy that afterfelt that he could make no effort to fol- soon faded from sight, and, as Theodore low it that day, for his sister was too turned to go back to his sister, he found weak and tired to walk, and he himself that, in his eagerness, he had gone into Lake Superior. Along its western so weary and foot-sore that his knees much farther away from her than he seemed ready to sink under him.

He saw a fallen tree-trunk near by, Hecla. Allouez, Phoenix. Delaware and ter upon it, while he sat down upon the soothed her by encouraging words. "But," you will ask, "how did they

wandered on, seeking constantly for had only to follow their lead to find his for some path or road, until day began sister. He took the poor little rags tenwild small fruits; and on the morning to fade. As the darkness closed in upon | derly from the bushes, and when at last them, little Arminda could not keep he did find his sister, the thrifty little expecting to fill their tin pails with with dread. But Theodore was not easi- er pieces that she had preserved, in her

> 'dreadfully scared," said Arminda. better'n mother," said Theodore. "But I'm not going to be scared."

something on her mind. "Did you ever see a bear?" she whistheir home. All four of the children might even then be in the thicket and But all his frantic shouts failed to reach obeyed his injunction, but on their overhear what she said. "I saw a pic- the searcher's ear, and, in his terror at return journey they mistakenly followed ture of one, once," she went on, "and losing his sister the day before, Theoanother road than that by which they he was eatin' up a great big man. I dore had resolved that nothing should

> was. pictures scare me," said Theodore. Nevertheless, Arminda's words recalled to Theodore a certain bear story

The woods were fast growing dark, It found the two children at the foot were seeking. Ragged, foot-sore, and little Arminda clung closer to her a pine tree, near which (and, indeed, bruised, and exhausted, the children brother, till at last they lay down on some soft moss and leaves which Theo- la a fellen trunk. Theodore had chosen ter to go to sleep. He watched the which to meet the storm: and on the somehow show him the way thither.

Meantime, the little sister was breath-

The morning sunlight was just creeping into the forest when Theodore

the parents' agony, began to search the s'pose," replied her practical brother, thunder drew nearer and nearer, till the the men yielded, and slowly forced a forest in all directions. Most of these, jumping up cheerily now that daylight forest seemed one vast crash and roar. path along the bank down the stream, however, were miners, ignorant of was at hand. "And they'll say we

"So am I," said Arminda.
"Well, let's have some breakfast, the employes of the Allouez mine were then," suggested Theodore. "There he not been sustained by his pride in his given permission to share in the search, are nice, hig berries all round here. I "house."

As the evening of this day closed in, of branches from the heavily laden sound. "I like to be out in the rain." nightfall the miners, carrying the a terrible storm a ose, and every home bushes, and they both devoured an un-

boy and girl who had to face the tem- lot," said Arminda, in a cheerful tone; pest alone in the wilds. Gradually the "but there's a lot more in the pails; and men, wearied and almost hopeless, re- we musn't lose our pails," she added, turned with sorrowful faces from the "And if we carry 'em home full of ber-

"We must pick our pails full," said Wednesday and Thursday passed, and Theodore, "so that, if we don't find any still the almost frantic parents had no more, we won't starve." And he pro-

"I'm all skeeter-bites!" sobbed Arthe men employed in the Calumet and minda. And the spiteful insects had Heela mines, together with many citi- indeed cruelly wounded the little girl's zens of Red Jacket, set off for the woods, face and neck and soft, round arms; where they were met by more laborers and Theodore, too, bore many a mark | day.' verine mines; and before noon of that hurry and get home," said he, and

So they set out on their journey, eatdore Lorre was a plucky lad and had no clue to guide them out of the were becoming very hungry for some by no means lost heart. He had kept up wilderness. Yet all day they kept moving the satisfying food. Arminda was his courage and cheered his little sister ing on. When they looked up to the now too foot-sore to walk more than a and neighbors visited the family, and in through all the days and nights that tops of the tall trees, they felt lost and few steps at a time, and Theodore had many ways testified their appreciation they had spent in the woods, and he lonely; and when they grew tired, the had even thought out a way of escape, and the great stillness subdued them, like the and planned a route which he felt must be height of the trees. Now and then, the den; even Theodore was too weary to this boy of nine are truly remarkable bring them out of their prison-for the chirp of a bird or the crackle of a dead vastness and shadow of a mighty forest | branch made little Arminda shiver and | Arminda was almost sick with fatigue |

But that night—the third which they it, as was ever made by stone walls and had passed in the woods-they heard another sound far away in the dis-

"O-ho! O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!"

still larger, until at last some one of a call, and they stopped to listen. them would lead him out of the forest! "'Twas over yonder," said the boy. noon was, that the little stream had just | rushed through the brake a few rods, fulfilled his expectation and brought shouting and calling, and at last thought him to the edge of a larger one-in fact, he saw a man moving among the trees to a river. But, after reaching it, he in the dim-distance. But the figure supposed. He called and called, but got no answer. He looked about him, and, making a little bed of dry leaves faltered and stopped short. How far he against one side of it, he placed his sis- had run he could not tell, and the way unconscious that he and his sister were back to his little sister was lost com-Schoolcraft are most famous. The log beside her. And so they rested, pletely in the bewildering sameness of eastern shore, being still covered with | while the shadows grew longer and the forest. He plunged into the bushes, wild woods, is overgrown with thick darker among the trees. They spoke first in one direction, then in another, but little; but whenever Arminda seemed | but seemed to get no nearer to the spot frightened or ready to cry, Theodore he had left. He leaned at last against took her hand in his and cheered and a tree, dashed his fist across his eyes, and with a great gulp cried hoarsely, "I have lost her!"

In order to answer these questions to work to find the path he had taken fully, we must retrace their wander- through the thicket after leaving her. After parting from the Palson sisters fluttering bit of rag on a bush a few rods tone whole week before they arrived at away. It flashed upon Theodore that the resting-place where we have just here was a guide; these bits of calico seen them), Theodore and Arminda belonged to Arminda's dress, and he back the tears, and her heart was filled | soul insisted on putting them, with othly frightened. "Cheer up, Sis," he own pocket, "as Mother would need

In the early dawn of the next morning Theodore leaped suddenly from the bed of leaves where he was lying, and "Mother won't like it and will be looked wildly about him in every direction He had heard it again, that far-"Well, I don't know as I like it any off "O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!" And what was that, now up, now down, dancing in | silent, listening after one of their loud | father's lantern? Yes, it was! As the through the far distance came an andaylight grew he could distinctly see pered, as if she feared that Mr. Bruin his father with a lantern in the distance. guess that man was scared, I guess he tempt him to leave her again. And this determination he kept now, since he "Well, I don't let old make-believe preferred to starve in the terrible woods rather than save his life by deserting

In the evening of the next day came began to be broken by the stirring and night had already come.

Af-covered by the boughs of the pine) together the crooked branches that they might not blow away. The poor little ing softly; and soon these modern babes shelter was ready none too soon; for by through the forest, bending and twisting the trees, and hurling to the ground

fruitless, while loud and repeated hallos brought no response.

Little Arminda started, and opened her eyes, too, in a daze. "Why, I slept all night with my dress on! Why, I enough to hold Theodore, too, and so flowed into Torch Lake. At last, per-

Through the dark trees the children saw a course which to their great delight, stout little heart would have quailed had sadly preparing to resume the appar-

nd large numbers from the Calumet see some. Just you wait."

He soon came back with an armful shouted, proudly, amid the turnult of As the evening of this day closed in, of branches from the heavily laden sound. "I like to be out in the rain." swered, weakly. "It makes my skeeter-bites feel good."

The lightning by degrees grow fainter and the thunder farther away; out all night long the wind and rain kept on while the crowd thronged about the together. The children clung to each horse and vehicle clamoring for a sight other and whispered that they were not of the children, who had to be conafraid.

fully about him when he arose, and re- who wept with joy on hearing the news, sorted immediately for comfort to the and in a few minutes the father and pail of berries he had wisely sheltered. mother clasped to their hearts the lost . I'm getting sick of this, I'he remarked ones whom they had begun to mourn to Arminda. "We must get home to as dead."

But alas for such hopes! The whole day was spent in patient but fruitless plodding over the wet leaves, with the rain still falling, and that night they before, it seemed marvelous that he ing the big ripe huckleberries from the had to seek their rest upon a huge,

heads fairly ached from the bites of she should be hopelessly lost. And to carry her. Their clothes had become tramp very far in a day; and poor little and worthy of all praise. And when and hunger.

upon a brook and began to follow it as the miners, and that he in fact guided Theodore had planned, and made what them out afterward by persuading down, and, save for the "drip, drip" some break in the endless rows of trees Theodore recognized his brother's of the drenched trees, the great sturdy lad for hesitating to admit that that stretched in every direction, he voice and shouted loudly in answer, Ar- storm was over. It left the lit- he was really lost in the woods.—St. kept revolving in his minda plan which minda joining. They called again and the wanderers pitiably weak and he had made, and was as happy as a again. But the wind was against them, sore, but still brave and hopeful, and lost boy can be when he found, by and The sound they had heard grew fainter they kept on their way along the bank of the brook, until, in the afternoon of Friday, they reached, as we have seen, the edge of the larger stream. Content with this triumph of his new plan, Theodore prepared the little couch of leaves for his sister to rest upon, as already described, and sat down on the log beside success. This treatment is very com-

> But a speedier deliverance was even then at hand. It was on that day that the great woods re-echoed in all directions with the calls and shouts of thirteen hundred men; yet none of their loud halloos had reached Theodore, as he sat upon the log that afternoon, all the objects of such a great expedition. Indeed, it was late in the day, and the army had really failed like the other smaller searching parties, having passed beyond or far to the side of the spot where the children were now resting; and yet it had not failed either, as you lagged behind their companions, and, failing to catch up with them, went straying hither and thither, forgetting the children entirely in their desire to rejoin their fellows. But being miners, and having little knowledge of woodcraft, they soon found themselves hopelessly bewildered, and had to confess that, instead of finding the lost children, they were in the unpleasant predicament, of being themselves lost in the

woods. It can not be said that, considering how much older they were, they bore this discovery with any better courage than the children had shown. But all they could do was to keep up a constant halloo, in the hope that some of the returning parties would hear them. This, therefore, they set about doing as lustily as possible, but for a long time without reply. At last, however, as they stood and again repeated their call, and swered, more clearly this time, but on the instant one of the men said, breathlessly: "That is a boy's voice!"

They ran forward quickly, and before long came in sight of the boy himself, and one of the party shouted to him: Who are you?

"I am Theodore Lorre," was the an-"Where do you live?"
"At Allouez." "Is there any one with you?" "Yes, my little sister."

Imagine the surprise and joy with which the men discovered that they still showed that they had not lost their courage, and the men, overjoyed after so many days to find the brother when the encamped for the night on little ones had been found.

whole party-miners as well as children for her, and drew close to the side of the farther and farther from home; but the -Cor. Country Gentleman.

ones had been found. At first, the report was not believed; but before sight, and the crowd burst into shouts and cheers of joy. A gentleman took the little ones into his buggy, and drove along the street toward their home while the crowd thronged about the stantly held up to their view and saluted Morning came at last, but still the with cheers. A friend had run forward tempest raged. Theodore looked rue- to inform the almost frenzied parents,

Theodore's boots could be taken off only by cutting them away from his feet with a knife; and as the poor boy could have endured all he did. Both it is good to know that, in the days following his return, hundreds of friends

of the children's bravery. we remember that his own wise little head had really discovered a way out On the next day, however, they came of the woods before he was found by progress they could. The wind had died them to follow the route he had determined upon, we could not blame the Nicholas.

Destroying Weeds.

There are three modes of dealing with

weeds on farms: 1. Allowing them free range-a common and bad way. 2. her. And when she dropped asleep from | mon, even among many good farmers. weariness, he began to wonder how long It will do for some weeds which are it would take them to get home by following the river shore, and whether his in a corn field. With other weeds, as poor little sister would have strength the Canada thistle, it is expensive. As to stand the journey, or he to carry with a fire in a city, it is cheaper to make thorough work, and not to leave any vestige to break out again. Hence in many cases it is much better to adopt a third mode and effect a clean sweep. Farmers of the second class above described say 'this can not be done; we have tried it." This is correct, so far as their imperfect mode was concerned. I have often asked such farmers why, after destroying nine-tenths of the weeds, they could not finish the tenth? It is because they have long adopted the habit of being satisfied with partial work. I once gave a hired man a piece of work at hoeing weeds in a garden, and knowing his imperfect habit offered shall see. It so happened that fourmen an additional dollar to his day's wages belonging to the searching regiment if I could not find a hundred living weeds after him. He did not get the dollar! It is the same old habit with so

many farmers. I think it is bad doctrine for any writer to hold before readers, that spreading weeds can not be wholly exirpated. It tends to maintain and perpetuate the loose practice referred to. Your correspondent asserts that Canada thistles "have steadily increased, even on farms where all the rules for their destruction have been faithfully observed." I have no doubt that some farmers have tried to observe those rules, but between old habits and such obstructions as stumps and stones, there has been a failure. Let me cite a few examples: A few miles from my residence is a

farm of over one hundred acres. The owner did not believe that Canada thistles could be killed, and he accordingly did not "waste" needless labor m not going to be scared."

and out among the dark trees? Could it calls, one of the men said: "Hark! to destroy them. He let them have be a light? Could it be the light of his What was that?" Faint and weak their own way, and gradually the whole farm was nearly covered. That swering "Halloo-oo!" They moved farm became noted for it broad crops of over in the direction whence it came these thistles. It then fell into new hands, and was subjected to new stopped to listen. Again it was an- treatment. The manager did not adopt the long-interval practice of allowing the thistles to get some headway between the plowings. He put them completely under and made them stay there. Fences were removed, so that all the thistles could be reached. I often pass that farm now, but I see no thistles on it. I killed a patch of an acre of Canada thistles in one season, and none of them ever came afterward. In another year I thoroughly destroyed another patch of five acres. I have known the thing done so often that it is hardly necessary to multiply statements. The ground was such as to had at last found those for whom all admit unbroken plowing. Among rocks and stumps it might be impractibruised, and exhausted, the children cable. I have known some farmers who asserted that they tried it and failed, but I found on examination that they pursued the half slip-shod course of allowing some weeds to peep between that was looking down into the door- a sort of rude tent, or covering, of loose shoulders and carried them till dark, of quack grass completely cleared in one season, but it was done by thorough the bank of the stream near which the work, which is always the cheapest. have seen two farms in the midst of a Early Saturday morning, they pre- country white with oxeye daisy, and on pared to continue their way, and the these farms not a plant of this weed could be found. The thorough system being lost, a consultation was held pursued was not a costly one. The allsmall branches and twigs thick with about the direction to be pursued. The summer fallows, with weeds between, leaves. Just as heavy drops of rain be miners said that it would be useless to is a poor, slip-shod way. Thorough, "Halloo!" said he, looking about him gan to fall, little Arminda crept into the follow the river, because it flowed into fine pulverization and close work is rude "house" which Theodore had made | Lake Superior, and would lead them | what is wanted on all summer fallows.

THE JAMES VERDICT.

How it Was Received by the Citizens of Gallatin and Other Points-Pronous an Outrage on Justice-A Testimonial to Prosecuting Attorney Wallace Politely Declined by That Gentleman

GALLATIN, Mo., Sept. 6. Within a few minutes after rendering their verdict the Frank James jury became invisible. They paid their board bills and left for home, and one at least was sarcastically invited to come again and be a juror at the next trial. Their sympathizers disappeared with them, and all Gallatin's proper citizens at once became an indignation meeting. Groups of men gathered on every curb and corner and denounced the verdict as an outrage on law and order. conviction had hardly been looked for, but a hung jury was deemed a probable and an acquittal an impossible thing. Yet this. jury took but two ballots to arrive at a verdict, the first standing eleven to one for acquittal, the second unanimous for acquittal. People here can not understand how this verdict was arrived at, and rumors of curious import in regard to the jury which have been floating round for days past were suddenly revived. It was remembered that five names of the panel of forty had been on the list of jurors desired to be summoned by the defense. At the time it was debated whether to have the entire panel rejected and a new list summoned by an officer other than the Sheriff, or to strike the five names off in the State's challenges. The latter course was adopted with some misgiving. It was also remembered how a man had ridden through the western part of the county and notified certain parties friendly to James to be on hand for jury service. It was remembered, too, how one of the twelve had, before be-ing summoned, stated that no matter what the evidence might be he would vote for acquittal if on the jury. Another of the twelve was said to have been brought by the defense so that he could be placed on the panel. The feeling against Sheriff Crozier, who summoned the special venire, has been pretty strong from the beginning of the trial, and that officer has been most heartily criticised to-night.

Long before supper time the sympathy of Gallatin's best citizens, in behalf of law and order, took a practical form. A fund was raised, chiefly through the exertions of T. B. Yates, of the Farmers' Exchange Bank, and George Tuggle, of the Daviess County Savings Association, to present Mr. Wallace with something that would remind him of the esteem that Gallatin's citizens had for the man who had so vigorously prosecuted James. Nearly all the property owners and merchants of Gallatin met at Judge McDougall's law office about \$:30 o'clock. D. Harfield Davis made the presentation speech, and handed Mr. Wallace a gold watch on behalf of the citizens of this place, in appreciation of his services in the prosecution of the most famous criminal case ever tried in this State. Mr. Wallace responded, declining the offered gift because he was a public officer and not yet through with the task of fitting a burden of legal punishment on Frank James' shoulders, and assuring his friends that he val-ued their offer of a present equally with the ued their offer of a present equally with the present itself, but treasured the feeling which prompted it above all else. After a few words by Judge Shanklin, a resolution was offered by Dr. Black to apply the money in printing Mr. Wallace's closing speech. This was carried, and Messrs. Davis, Black and Yates were made a com-Davis, Black and Yates were made a committee on that business. The meeting then adjourned. There are three other cases here against Frank James—one for being accessory to the killing of Westfall by Jesse James; one for the Sheets murder in connection with the robbery of the Gallatin Bank, and one for simple lareeny at Winston. If he is acquitted here on all these, there is still the Blue Cut case to be tried at Independence, and the Northfield and other cases after that, so that this alleged chivalrous bandit is far from free. alrous bandit is far from free.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 6.

The verdict in the James case was received with great interest in this city. The report flew from mouth to mouth till it became the sole theme on the streets, in the saloons, at the hotels, among business men and lawyers, in police and city circles, and, in fact, among all classes of people. It was talked about to-night to the exclusion of other topics. Some declared that no other result could have been reached; that there was no evidence to convict; that the statements of witnesses for the State were not worthy of belief. One in a thousand thought that James had received simple justice. A great majority of the people, however, said that the verdict of acquittal was an outrage which would add to Missouri's shame in many instances.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Sept. 6. The news of the acquittal of Frank James was received here between four and five o'clock this afternoon, and immediately spread through the town. Among those who have watched the progress of the trial closely the outcome of it was not a surprise. Some said they were in hopes he would be convicted, others were glad of his acquittal, while others made it the occasion for reviving the epithet, "poor old Missouri." Governor Crittenden, when approached and asked if he had anything to say regarding it, replied that he had not.
"It is the verdict of a jury," he said, "and it would be improper for me to comment on

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Sept. 6. Telegrams have just been received containing intelligence of the acquittal of Frank James at Gallatin. There are a few of the personal friends of Frank here, who, of course, are jubilant, but the majority of the people are very indignant, and pro-nounce the verdict an outrage on justice.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Sept. 6. Bob Ford, the slayer of Frank James brother Jesse, is now playing at the Zoo Theater, in this city, in a play entitled "The Brother's Oath." He was seen by a reporter and apprised of the verdict in the

reporter and apprised of the verdict in the James trial. Upon being informed of the acquittal of James he manifested great surprise. Said he: "I had heard from some of my friends that this was probable, but I never believed that it was possible for the jury to acquit, knowing as I did that he was guilty. Even this afternoon I had offered to wager \$1,000 on his conviction."

When asked if he apprehended personal danger from the probable release of Frank James, he said, with a significant shrug of the shoulders: "Well, I should feel safer if he were locked p. But I don't propose to provoke any quarrel, although I am as good a man as he is with fire-arms. I shall try to keep out of his way and live a peaceable life if he will let me. If he ever does attempt my life it will be with a shot in the tack, or when I am looking for him. I back, or when I am looking for him. I know very well if any one had killed my brother as I killed Jesse James I should not rest until I had taken his life. But perhaps Frank has had as much trouble as he wanta, and may choose to let the matter drop, with out becoming further involved.

Shocking Fate of an Old Lady and Two Children SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 6.

The village of Merton is stricken by the terrible death of Mrs Hayland and her two grand-children, who were burned to a crisp this morning. Mrs. Hayland, aged sixtyfive, and the children, aged three years and six months respectively, were occupying a room in the second story of a small frame dwelling, where she resided with her sonin-law, Everett Everett, who was at work at a new coal shaft. Mrs. Everett had left the house on an errand, and during their absence the structure was discovered to be on fire, and before the inmates could be rescued their egress was cut off and they perished in the flames.